

# The Mirror

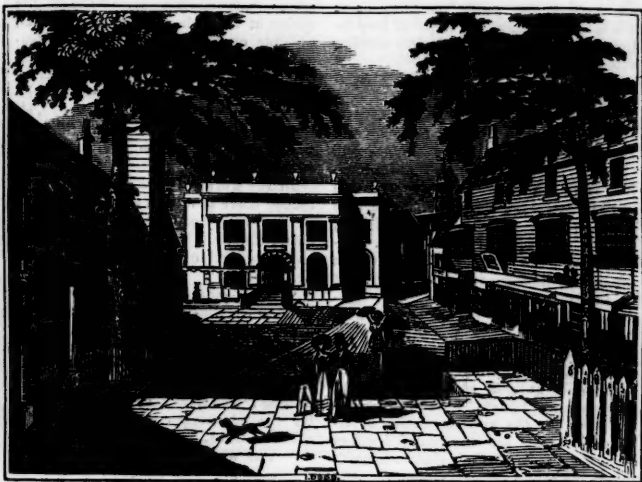
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 511.]

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[PRICE 2d.]



TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

THE "regular subscriber" will probably recollect our *recherché* Engraving of "Tunbridge Wells, in 1748, with Sketches of Dr. Johnson, Cibber, Garrick, Lyttleton, Richardson, &c.;" if not, he may refresh his memory by turning to the 14th volume of our miscellany, and there again enjoy the hooped and brocaded, and square-cut and full-flowing costumes, of the olden time. Let him then veer from the living glories of the picture to the place itself—the upper or principal Walk—in which he will recognise the site of the Engraving now before him, which may be said to represent *Tunbridge as it is*.

Our accompaniment to the previous Illustration was rather anecdotal of the distinguished folks in the promenade than descriptive of the Walk itself; so that a few topographical notes on the place may not here be unacceptable.

Tunbridge is only thirty-six miles from London,—what invalids almost call an easy distance. Its situation is very romantic; and, besides the inducement which valetudinarians may have to resort

thither for the benefit of its far-famed chalybeate springs, there are a host of other attractions, which frequently exert their influence in bringing visitors to the spot. Tunbridge is by no means peculiar in this respect; although we believe only within these few years have persons discovered the *rationale* of the restorative effects of watering-places on the constitution. The influence is one of nature and art combined; of ease and enjoyment, aiding the all-wise provisions for the health of man, that flow in hidden streams beneath the surface of this world of his contrivances. No longer pent up in a crowded city, he is released from its innumerable cares: his soul seeks rest amidst still retreats or flowery solitudes; for, compared with the full-tide of London, the busy sea and its changing shore are silence, and in field and village walks, flowers spring up at every turn. Thus, as we have said elsewhere, "when early leaves begin to fall, and remind old and young of their wrinkles, the parliament-man sets off to recruit his elo-

quence in the chase;\* the coquette to repair those few wrecks of beauty which the season has spared her; and the young man of fashion to recruit his recreant limbs and shattered frame in the country." Hundreds of such visitors flock to the *Wells*: although it may not be so "public and giddy" a place as in Richardson's time, we hope it may be there "a full season, and more coming every day."

It is, however, time to become *topographical*.

"The situation is in a sandy valley on the south-eastern verge of the county of Kent, and near the Sussex border; and the several detached houses and assemblages of buildings which are included in the general appellation of Tunbridge Wells, occupy part of three parishes; Tunbridge, Frant, and Speldhurst. Besides the Wells properly so called, which are in the hollow of the narrowest part of the valley, the neighbouring eminences, which rise abruptly, and with romantic irregularity on either side, have offered situations for building so tempting, that to the distance of two or three miles around, rows of elegant or commodious houses have been constructed, for the accommodation of visitors. These are denominated either from the places of their site, or according to the whim of their respective proprietors, Mount Zion, Mount Ephraim, Mount Pleasant, Nelson Place, Trafalgar Place, Wellington Place, &c.; and generally speaking, they are finely shaded with trees, and scattered about with a very pleasing irregularity. The forest scenery around, and the diversity of objects which the several rides and walks present; the beautiful foliage of the trees, the luxuriant fertility of the cultivated part of the neighbouring district, and the serenity combined with cheerfulness which especially prevails here, are advantages which Tunbridge Wells may justly boast."

The discovery of the *waters* is rather a weak story. It is attributed to Dudley, Lord North, a courtier in the reign of James I., who was sojourning here for change of air.

"Accidentally passing through the wood, which at that time enveloped the spring, the appearance of an unusual scum on the surface of the water excited his curiosity, and the taste and other circumstances rendering its mineral impregnation very evident, his lordship diligently inquired into the probable effect of such a tonic in his own case; and a trial of it being recommend-

ed by his physicians, the perfect restoration of his health gave such a degree of celebrity to the place, that it soon came into great repute.

"The reputation of the water being once established, invalids resorted to them; and Lord Abergavenny, whose estate was contiguous, enclosed the spring at his own expense, and gave all possible encouragement to the endeavours of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to provide accommodations for the company, which progressively increased until the town of Tunbridge, although nearly six miles from the spot, was crowded with the overflow of visitors."

In the work whence we quote these facts,† there is a somewhat dry hint as to the efficacy of the springs in certain cases, though it only verifies what has just been said of the influence of Mineral Waters:

"Their efficacy has been attested by thousands, who have experienced the benefit of a discreet use of them, and by many who have got rid of imaginary diseases by the aid of cheerful company, and abstraction from care, business, and fatigue; who have attributed to the water the advantages thus derived from other sources.

"The water of

#### "THE SPRINGS

arises into, and is received by two marble basins, placed within an area, enclosed by a stone wall, at the end of two parallel walks, which are the general resort of the company, during the season, which now begins in March or April, instead of May, and continues until the end of October.

"One of the walks which was formerly laid with pantiles, was in 1793 paved with Purbeck stone, by subscription. A portico supported by slender pillars is a shelter from the rain, in front of the assembly rooms, libraries, and a range of shops for trinkets and jewellery; and on the opposite side a row of spreading elms affords an agreeable shade.—(See the Engraving.)

"The water at the fountain head is perfectly clear and pellucid, sparkles and throws up air bubbles on being poured out of one vessel into another; has a very slight smell, but tastes strongly of iron; deposits a rusty sediment, and strikes a deep purple colour upon the addition of infusion of galls.

† A Journey round the Coast of Kent, by L. Fussell, Esq. 8vo. 1818—a neglected book, and we think undeservedly so; for it is well written throughout. Mr. Britton has announced a Guide to Tunbridge, and we know of no person better qualified to produce a valuable as well as interesting description of this attractive place.

\* Qy.—call of the house.

It nearly resembles the waters of the Puhon spring at Aix-la-Chapelle, and is recommended as a tonic in chronic weaknesses and general debility.

"Temperance and exercise are indispensably requisite to give the waters a chance of producing beneficial effects," observes a certain author; but luxury and excess first brought these springs into repute, have sent a constant succession of visitors to maintain their credit, and are still the principal support of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

"A chapel was built by subscription at Tunbridge Wells, and the clergyman derives a handsome but precarious income from the contribution of visitors in summer, and resident inhabitants in winter. Divine service is regularly performed every day during the summer, and three times every week in the winter; and it is creditable to the *fashion* of the place, that the company resorting to the springs are generally regular in attendance at morning prayers. Adjoining the chapel is a charity school, supported also by subscription.

"The principal trade carried on at Tunbridge Wells is in turnery ware, consisting chiefly of various kinds of boxes and toys, of which incredible numbers are sold to the company, and sent to various parts of the kingdom, being executed with remarkable delicacy and ingenuity. They are principally made of cherry-tree, plum-tree, yew, box, and sycamore.

"The celebrated Nash, afterwards better known by his title of King of Bath, once presided here as master of the ceremonies, and some of his laws are still in force.

"The company, who usually on arrival first pay what is called 'a welcome penny' to the dippers, taste the water at the fountain, and then subscribe to the libraries, coffee-house, assembly-rooms, band of music, and—the clergyman, in order to become entitled to a participation in the privileges and amusements of the place, assemble on the parade early in the morning, and after drinking water, and walking for an hour or two, retire, or more frequently form parties to breakfast. (Early rising therefore may be presumed a co-operative assistant to the wells, in their salubrious effect.) After this repast they attend at the chapel, then walk, ride, read, or saunter away the morning in the shops and coffee-houses, until dinner time. A band of music performs in the orchestra close to the public walks, before breakfast, after Divine service, and again when dinner is over. The evening pro-

menade then commences, from which the company adjourn to drink tea, visit the theatre, or go to the card assemblies, or the balls, which latter are usually very full, and brilliantly attended. There are also frequently concerts and *concert-breakfasts*; and occasionally public breakfasts, dinners, and tea-parties, with music and dancing, at the High Rocks, an assemblage of rude and romantic eminences surrounded with trees on the side of a crystal stream, about a mile and a half southward of the wells.

"Another and a very appropriate employment for those who visit the wells, and are able to take exercise on horseback, is that of joining in the excursions which it is usual to make to all the principal places in the vicinity, which, either upon account of their former or present state, are objects of rational curiosity."

We confess this is rather a tantalizing picture for a London reader; but, as all these luxuries are within three dozen miles, at fewer shillings' cost, we may reasonably recommend him to "the Wells."

## LONDON ILLUMINATIONS.

(To the Editor.)

FROM having been a spectator of the certainly very glaring, but tasteless, illumination of the metropolis on occasion of the coronation of their present Majesties, I am induced to transmit some ideas to paper which occurred to me on that occasion; and which I feel persuaded will, if carried but into partial effect, render any future exhibition of that nature not only more gratifying as a spectacle, but also more creditable to our national taste.

It is well known, and is therefore only mentioned here by way of remembrance, that illuminations, and more especially what are termed general illuminations, are only resorted to on occasions of great national importance, such as that of the coronation of the sovereign; a great national victory gained on sea or land; or of some important measure passed in parliament for the general welfare and benefit of the nation. Therefore an illumination, as a testimonial of the gratitude and happiness of the people, ought to be conducted in a way that will express their sense of such important events, and their general gratitude for the benefits derived from them, in a manner the least inconvenient and the least expensive to them; and still so as to express their undivided satisfaction in as uniform and splendid a manner as possible, so that it may appear to be the general rejoicing

of a whole people and not that only of distinguished and wealthy individuals.

Illuminations (I would say) ought therefore to be considered like architecture, as a science; in which should be exhibited order, beauty, and a just and harmonious proportion. The late illumination had nothing of order in it; very little of what was beautiful; and considered in the whole, no harmony or proportion whatever. There were W.R. and A.R., and crowns and stars and anchors in abundance, even to satiety; and in tasteless shapes and proportions. The Club houses in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall and some of the Government Offices were what is termed very fine, there being plenty of blaze and glare, but had very little of taste about them. They must have been left to the old jog-trot fancies of house carpenters, oilmen, and lamp merchants; and the transparencies and other decorations to the skill and attainments of ornamental decorators, a class of artists that are scarcely superior, in general, to the common herd of stencillers and whitewashers. I am ready to agree with the throng of spectators from Spitalfields and Whitechapel, that it was all very fine; but with the exception of the Admiralty and Ordnance Offices, and Crockford's (the latter of which it is a pity was not turned into a bonfire instead of an illumination) there were none other than Rundle's and the Post office (that I saw) that exhibited any thing of taste, or were suited to so illustrious an occasion as that of a coronation. At the London Coffee-house, kept by Mr. Leach on Ludgate Hill, there is a long display of windows which were lighted up with lamps along the sides and tops of the sashes; this mode of illuminating adopted in a few private houses, was one of the most pleasing to the eye, and carried with it an agreeable uniformity. But the exhibition of illumination as a science in which order, beauty, and just proportions should harmonize, were exemplified in a very chaste and tasteful manner in the lighting up of the front of Northumberland House at Charing Cross: this magnificent façade which consists of two stories of twelve windows in each, with a large bow-window in the centre, was entirely lighted up with amber-coloured lamps round the window frames, and which as the windows have double sashes, were pleasingly reflected on the borders of the inner sashes, and gave the appearance of a double set of lamps of the same colour. This was certainly the most correct and beautiful exhibition of the whole evening.

It would be nothing but fair to let the public offices under Government and the King's tradespeople, have their fancies in displaying their duty and loyalty in exhibiting their crowns and stars, and royal initials, and any tasteless absurdity they might choose to amalgamate with them. But the general good effect of an illumination would be more pleasing, and would produce not only an uniform but more agreeable effect, by individuals generally lighting up their windows in the manner adopted by Mr. Leach, and at Northumberland House.

The grand and general line of an illumination, (which attracts the great mass of spectators) I consider to be from Hyde Park corner to London Bridge. To give an illumination at once carrying uniformity, and somewhat of a chaste and splendid taste with it, I propose that individuals should light up their windows with lamps in the manner I have already mentioned to have been done at the London Tavern, and at Northumberland House. As for the more splendid and decorative parts, there is the grand entrance to Hyde Park, and the Triumphal Arch to the New Palace gardens facing it; let these as the commencement of the proposed line of general illumination, be decorated with lamps in a manner conformable to their architectural proportions and capabilities; every person I should suppose could easily imagine the agreeable and splendid effect these two structures, thus illuminated, would exhibit. As to the expense occasioned thereby, if the Government did not choose to pay it, it might be effected by a voluntary subscription for that purpose among the nobility and the members of the Club houses, under the direction of a committee of those classes. And under the same management and direction, at the Piccadilly end of St. James's Street, at the space in front of the entrance to St. James's Palace, at the bottom of the Haymarket by the Opera house, and at Charing Cross, temporary architectural structures of a Gothic and of a Grecian character might be constructed, and illuminated and decorated with transparencies, and other ornamental characteristics suited to their respective elevations and proportions. Temple-bar, too, is a structure that presents on both sides of it, fitting opportunities for showing off a tasteful and splendid exhibition of this nature. At the bottom of Fleet Street also, and at the top of Ludgate Hill, at the head of Cheapside, at the crossing of King and Queen Streets, and at the juncture of Bishopsgate and Grace-

church Streets, and in similar situations, specimens of Gothic and Grecian temporary architecture of every design and elevation might be erected and suitably illuminated and decorated at no very great expense, to be defrayed by the means of a general subscription among the citizens. This illumination would have a superb effect, and be more creditable to the taste of the metropolis, than a hundred times repeated incongruities and absurdities, by which individuals are at present at great pains and expense to evince their bad taste.

The Monument I venture to suggest as a suitable and magnificent termination to the grand line of illumination here traced out, with a little proper skill and mechanical knowledge, and with no great expense neither. Thus the citizens who chose to do themselves credit and honour on such an occasion, might by a subscription among the merchants and bankers, (or by the members of Lloyd's solely) evince a proper sense of their loyalty or patriotism on such an occasion by causing this noble column to be illuminated from the base to its utmost height.\* On the porticoes and dome of St. Paul's, with its two noble and classical steeples, which might be illuminated with the most magnificent effect, I am fearful of touching, as I am well assured the dignitaries of that beautiful and stately fabric would not be at any expense themselves, or suffer any other persons to do it, from an apprehension that the church itself would be endangered; though at St. Peter's at Rome, the whole dome of that church. (on certain occasions) is entirely illuminated, so as to be distinctly seen at sixty miles distance, and has annually been illuminated for centuries without any accident having taken place.

In Naples, and several parts of Italy, a splendid and pleasing illumination is made by placing along the parapet walls of the houses, a wire frame covered with coloured oiled paper of the size and shape of a common garden pot, which is placed in the pan of the pot, and lighted inside by some chemical burner in a piece of floating cork. These paper wired-frames, which may be made of any shape, as that of a statue, globe, vase, &c., and which may be varied according to taste or fancy, in either red, blue, green, or any other colour,

have a wonderfully pleasing and brilliant effect, and would be a great improvement of our illuminations if adopted on the parapet walls of our houses, and on the parapet and many other parts of the churches and steeples (where it is attainable) of this magnificent metropolis. The effect at Naples is strikingly imposing, for as that city is built on the very edge of its beautiful bay, and is gradually carried up the rather precipitous side of a mountain, the whole of the illuminated houses and steeples, are clearly, but reversedly, reflected in the deep and calm mirror of the water.†

I shall conclude with merely hinting on this subject that railings about our squares, and indeed the street railings to the areas of private houses, might be made highly ornamental and brilliant on these occasions, by fixing an additional number of coloured glass lanterns, above and around them, with festoons of coloured lamps extending between the spaces. And lastly, nothing could have a more beautiful and agreeable effect, than the decoration of the bridges of the metropolis (on such occasions) either with coloured lanterns or with torches, or by festooning their exterior sides and arches, with the common illumination lamps, the reflection of which would be visible in the current below; and might be viewed in as much safety and with a superior effect from any other of the adjoining bridges, than perhaps any other object that might attract a crowd to witness the splendour of a London Illumination.

R. T.

† In France, the ordinary out-door illumination is with *pots de feu*, or vessels resembling the pans in which garden-pots are set. These have a large wick floating in fat, &c., and being placed on parapets, ledges, roofs, &c. have a fine effect. The exterior of the Palace and the Gardens of the Tuileries were thus illuminated on the king's birthday: the principal walks being bordered with the *pots*, which were also placed on frames, or shelves rising several feet high, to a point, and in general form resembling a yew or fir tree. The appropriateness of this device had a very pleasing effect. By the way, the Lord Chamberlain partially illuminated Devonshire House, and its front wall, with these *pots de feu* at the recent Coronation.—ED. M.

## The Sketch-Book.

THE OLD DUTCHMAN.

From the French.

(For the Mirror.)

AN old and venerable Dutchman having for many years honourably discharged all the offices of one of the principal towns of the republic, and having amas-

\* This would be rather a hazardous as well as expensive affair. We think the Monument was partially illuminated during the Mayoralty of Alderman Garratt, who presides over the ward in which the Monument stands, or, as Pope says "lies."—ED. M.

sed great wealth in an irreproachable manner, took finally the resolution of ending his days in tranquillity at his country house; but ere going into retirement, wishing to take leave of his relations and friends, he invited them all to an entertainment at his house. His guests, who expected a sumptuous repast, were somewhat astonished upon entering the dining room to behold a long oaken table, covered with a coarse blue cloth. When seated, they were helped in wooden platters to curdled milk, salt herrings, cheese, butter, and rye bread; beside them stood wooden vessels filled with small beer, from which each visitor was expected to help himself. This singular whim, on the part of the old man, caused many a secret murmur amongst his company; but, in consideration of his years and wealth, far from daring to express their discontent, they pretended to take in good part this frugal cheer, and some even went so far as to compliment him upon this revival of the style of olden hospitality, of which, in this fantasy, they recognised the representation.

The old man, who was not duped by this feigned satisfaction, did not desire to carry the jest too far; and, upon a concerted signal, several stout maid servants habited like country women, brought in the second course. A white cloth now took place of the blue one; pewter platters succeeded those of wood; and instead of rye bread, herrings, and cheese, the company were served with good brown bread, strong beer, salted beef, and boiled fish. Hereupon the secret murmurs ceased, the invitations of the old man became more pressing, and his visitors ate with better appetites.

Scarcely had time been allowed them to taste the second course, when a butler entered, followed by half a dozen men servants in splendid liveries, who brought in the third. A superb mahogany table took place of that of oak, and was covered with a beautiful diapered table-cloth; a side board was set out with the richest vessels (of plate and glass) and most curious china; and the guests were cheered with the sight of rare and exquisite viands, which were served in profusion. A choice collection of most delicate wines, delighted the palate, whilst a melodious concert was heard from a neighbouring chamber. The company drank toasts all round, and made themselves merry; but the good old man, perceiving nevertheless that his presence was a restraint upon them, rose, and spoke thus:—

"Gentlemen and ladies—I return thanks for the favour you have accorded me; but it is time that I retire, and leave you at liberty; yet, before the ball commences which I design for those who are fond of dancing, permit me to explain the end which I proposed to myself when I invited you to an entertainment so singular as this must have appeared. I wished to give you an idea of our Republic. Our ancestors reared the new born state, and acquired liberty, wealth, and power, by living in the frugal manner represented by the *first* course. Our fathers preserved these precious heritages by living in the simple manner of which the *second* course was intended to present the picture; and now, if it be permitted to an old man, who regards you tenderly, and is on the point of saying farewell, to state freely what he thinks, I fear that the extravagant profusion which you have noticed in the *last* course, and which is our present style of living, will deprive us of the advantages which our ancestors by their toils acquired, and which our (immediate) forefathers have transmitted to us by their industry and good administration." M. L. B.

## Retrospective Gleanings.

### ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS

*Crowned in Westminster Abbey, with the date of their Coronations.*

- HAROLD II., January 5, 1066.
- William the Conqueror, Dec. 25, 1066.
- Queen Maud of Flanders, April 22, 1068
- William II., September 26, 1087.
- Henry I., August 5, 1100.
- Queen Maud of England, Nov. 11, 1100
- Queen Adeliza of Brabant, Jan. 30, 1121
- Stephen, December, 26, 1135.
- Queen Maud of Boulogne, Mar. 22, 1136
- Henry II., December 19, 1154.
- Prince Henry, son of Henry II., June 15, 1170.
- Richard I., September 3, 1189.
- John, May 27, 1199.
- Queen Isabella of Angoulême, October 8, 1200.
- Henry III. (second time), May 17, 1220
- Queen Eleanor of Provence, January 20, 1236.
- Edward I. and Queen Eleanor of Castile, August 19, 1274.
- Edward II. and Queen Isabel of France, February 23, 1307.
- Edward III., February 2, 1327.
- Queen Philippa of Hainault, April, 1327
- Richard II., July 16, 1377.
- Queen Anne of Bohemia, Jan. 22, 1382
- Queen Isabel of France, Nov. 14, 1397.



Henry IV., October 13, 1399.  
 Queen Joan of Navarre, Jan. 26, 1403.  
 Henry V., April 9, 1413.  
 Queen Katherine of France, February 24, 1421.  
 Henry VI., November 6, 1429.  
 Queen Margaret of Anjou, May 30, 1445.  
 Edward IV., June 29, 1461.  
 Queen Elizabeth Woodville, May 26, 1465.  
 Richard III., July 6, 1483.  
 Henry VII., October 30, 1485.  
 Queen Elizabeth of York, Nov. 25, 1487.  
 Henry VIII. and Queen Katherine of Arragon, June 24, 1509.  
 Queen Anne Boleyn, June 1, 1533.  
 Edward VI., February 20, 1547.  
 Queen Mary, September 30, 1553.  
 Queen Elizabeth, January 15, 1558.  
 James I., July 25, 1603.  
 Charles I., February 2, 1625.  
 Charles II., April 23, 1661.  
 James II., April 23, 1685.  
 William and Mary, April 11, 1689.  
 Queen Anne, April 23, 1702.  
 George I., October 20, 1714.  
 George II., October 11, 1727.  
 George III., September 22, 1761.  
 George IV., July 19, 1821.  
 William IV., September 8, 1831.

W. G. C.

### Manners & Customs of all Nations.

#### THE SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

*On the changes in the habits, amusements, and condition of the Scottish Peasantry.*

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

*(Communicated to the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.)*

CHANCING to be in a party of old friends the night before last, one of them gave me a touch on the elbow, and said "Can you tell me, Hogg, what has been the moving cause of those changes which have gradually taken place in the habits, amusements, and conditions of our peasantry, since our early recollections?"

"Upon my word, Sir," said I, looking more than usually grave, "the thing never struck me till this moment that you put the question; for, as having been one of them myself, and joining keenly in all their amusements for the last fifty-three years, the change has been I suppose so gradual that I never perceived it. But, on a cursory look backward, I think there is some difference in the characters and amusements of our young peasantry from those of a former generation; but d——I take me

if I know how it has happened. Let me think about it a little while, and I'll try to account for it; for it will be a queer thing indeed if I cannot account for any thing that has taken place among the Border peasantry at least."

"You can tell me this without any fore-thought," said he; "Are they worse fed, worse clothed, or worse educated than the old shepherds and hinds of your first acquaintance? Are their characters, in a general point of view, deteriorated or otherwise? Or are they more cheerful, more happy, and more devout than those of a former day?"

"In as far," said I, "as it regards shepherds and farm servants, they are not in my opinion deteriorated. They are better fed, better clothed, and better educated than the old shepherds and hinds of my first acquaintance; but they are less devout, and decidedly *less cheerful and happy*."

"On looking back, the first great falling off is in *Songs*. This to me is not only astonishing, but unaccountable. They have ten times more opportunities of learning songs, yet song-singing is at an end, or only kept up by a few migratory tailors. In my young days, we had singing matches almost every night, and, if no other chance or opportunity offered, the young men attended at the ewe-bught or the cows milking, and listened and joined the girls in their melting lays. We had again our kirms at the end of harvest, and our lint-swingings in almost every farm-house and cottage, which proved as a weekly bout for the greater part of the winter. And then, with the exception of *Wads*, and a little kissing and toying in consequence, song, song alone, was the sole amusement. I never heard any music that thrilled my heart half so much as when these nymphs joined their voices, all in one key, and sung a slow Scottish melody. Many a hundred times has it made the hairs of my head creep, and the tears start into my eyes, to hear such as the *Flowers of the Forest*, and *Broom of Cowdyknows*. Where are those melting strains now? Gone, and for ever! Is it not unaccountable that, even in the classic Ettrick and Yarrow, the enthusiasm of song should have declined in proportion as that of their bards has advanced? Yet so it is. I have given great annual kirms, and begun singing the first myself, in order to elicit some remnants, some semblance at least, of the strains of former days. But no; those strains could be heard from no one, with the exception of one shepherd, Wat Amos, who alone, for these twenty

years, has been always ready to back me. I say, with the exception of him and of Tam the tailor, there seems to be no songster remaining. By dint of hard pressing, a blooming nymph will sometimes venture on a song of Moore's or Dibdin's (curse them !), and gaping, and half-choking, with a voice like a cracked kirk-bell, finish her song in notes resembling the agonies of a dying now.

The publication of the *Border Minstrelsy* had a singular and unexpected effect in this respect. These songs had floated down on the stream of oral tradition, from generation to generation, and were regarded as a precious treasure belonging to the country ; but when Mr. Scott's work appeared their arcanum was laid open, and a deadening blow was inflicted on our rural literature and principal enjoyment by the very means adopted for their preservation. I shall never forget with what amazement and dumb dismay the old songsters regarded these relics, calling out at every verse, "changed ! changed !" though it never appeared to me that they could make out any material change, save in "Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dod-head." On reading that song, both my own parents were highly offended at the gallant rescue being taken from the Elliots and given to the Scots.

With regard to all the manly exercises, had it not been for my own single exertions I think they would have been totally extinct in the Border districts. For the last forty years I have struggled to preserve them in a local habitation and a name, and I have not only effected it, but induced more efficient bodies to follow the example ; such as the Great St. Ronan's Border Club, the gallant Six Feet Club, &c. I have begged, I have borrowed of my rich Edinburgh friends, I have drawn small funds reluctantly from the farmers who attended, for the purpose of purchasing the prizes ; but more frequently I have purchased them all from my own pocket ; and though these prizes were necessarily of small value, yet by publishing annually all the victors' names in the newspapers, and the distance effected by each, and the competitor next to him, a stimulus was given for excellency in all these manly exercises, such as appears not to have existed for a century and more,—indeed, never since the religious troubles in Scotland commenced.

Still there is a change from gay to grave, from cheerfulness to severity ; and it is not easy to trace the source from which it has sprung. The diet of

the menials and workmen is uniformly much better than it was when I went first to service half a century ago. The tasks of labour are not more severe, but better proportioned, and more regular, and in general less oppressive. But with regard to the intercourse between master and servant, there is a mighty change indeed, and to this I am disposed principally to attribute the manifest change in the buoyant spirit and gaiety of our peasantry. Formerly every master sat at the head of his kitchen table, and shared the meal with his servants. The mistress, if there was one, did not sit down at all, but stood at the dresser behind, and assigned each his portion, or otherwise overlooked the board, and saw that every one got justice. The master asked a blessing, and returned thanks. There was no badinage or idle language in the farmer's hall in those days, but all was decency and order. Every night the master performed family worship, at which every member of the family was bound to be present, and every Sabbath morning at least, and the oldest male servant in his absence took that duty on him. The consequence of all this familiarity and exchange of kind offices was, that every individual family formed a little community of its own, of which each member was conscious of bearing an important part. And then the constant presence of the master and mistress preventing all ebullition of untimely merriment, when the hours of relaxation came, then the smothered glee burst out with a luxury of joy and animation, of which we may now look in vain for a single specimen.

But ever since the ruinous war prices made every farmer for the time a fine gentleman, how the relative situations of master and servant are changed ! Before that time every farmer was first up in the morning, conversed with all his servants familiarly, and consulted what was best to be done for the day. Now, the foreman, or chief shepherd, waits on his master, and, receiving his instructions, goes forth and gives the orders as his own, generally in a peremptory and offensive manner. The menial of course feels that he is no more a member of a community, but a slave ; a servant of servants, a mere tool of labour in the hand of a man whom he knows or deems inferior to himself, and the joy of his spirit is mildewed. He is a moping, sullen, melancholy man, flitting from one master to another in hopes to find heart's ease and contentment,—but he finds it not ; and now all the best and most independent of that valuable class



of our community are leaving the country.

Before the revolutionary war, before a borderer would have thought of deserting his native country, he would sooner have laid down his head in the grave with his fathers, "the rude forefathers of the hamlet." But now all the best are leaving it; all the industrious, diligent, and respectable men who have made a little competency to carry them to another country are hastening away as if a pestilence were approaching them. God grant that it be not a prelude to approaching evil!

(To be continued.)

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### THE HERMIT'S GRAVE.

THE days are gone when pilgrim's knelt  
By sacred spot or shrine;  
The cells where saints have lived or died  
No more are held divine:

The bough of palm, the scallop-shell,  
Are signs of faith no more;  
The common grave is holy held  
As that on Salem's shore.

Yet, when I knew that human knee  
Had worn the rock away  
And that here, even at my feet,  
Earth hid the righteous clay.

I felt this was no common spot  
For any common thought—  
The place's own calm sanctity  
Within my spirit wrought.

The cave was dark and damp—it spoke  
Of penance and of prayer;  
Remorse that scarcely dared to hope,  
And heavy grief, were there.

But at the entrance was a scene,  
Which seem'd expressly given  
To bring the heart again to earth,  
And win it thence to heaven.

For so benign an influence  
Was falling from the sky,  
And like a blessing on the land  
The sunshine seem'd to fly.

The long green grass was full of life,  
And so was every tree;  
On every bough there was a bud,  
In every bud a bee.

And life hath such a gladdening power,  
Thus in its joy arrayed—  
The God who made the world so fair  
Must love what he has made.

Fed by the silver rains, a brook  
Went murmuring along,  
And to its music, from the leaves,  
The birds replied in song.

And, white as ever lily grew,  
A wilding broom essayed  
To fling upon the sunny wave  
A transitory shade.

Misty and gray as morning skies,  
Mid which their summits stood,  
The ancient cliffs encompass'd round  
The lovely solitude.

It was a scene where faith would take  
Lessons from all it saw,  
And feel amid its depths that hope  
Was God's and Nature's law.

The past might here be wept away—

The future might renew  
Its early confidence on high,  
When years and sins were few.

Till, in the strength of penitence  
To the worst sinner given,  
The grave would seem a resting-place  
Between this world and heaven.

'Tis but a pious memory  
That lingers in this dell,  
That human tears, and human prayers,  
Have sanctified the cell.

Save for that memory, all we see  
Were only some fair scene,  
Not linked unto our present time  
By aught that e'er had been.

But now a moral influence  
Is on that small gray stone;  
For who e'er watched another's grave  
And thought not of his own.

And felt that all his trust in life  
Was leaning on a reed?  
And who can hear of prayer and faith  
And not confess their need?

If he who sleeps beneath thought years  
Of prayer might scarce suffice  
To reconcile his God, and win  
A birthright in the skies.

What may we hope who hurry on  
Through life's tumultuous day,  
And scarcely give one little hour  
To heaven upon our way?

Thou blessed grave! ah, not in vain  
Has been thy presence here,  
If it hath wrought in any heart  
One higher hope or fear.

Literary Gazette.

#### PAGANINI

ARE springing up like the armed men of Cadmus; let us hope that they will not engage in the same mortal strife. The *Madras Government Gazette*, of January last, gives an account of a BRAHMIN MUSICIAN! Mercy on us! a descendant of the ancient Gymnosophists, remarkable for the severity of their lives and manners, turned public performer, and on the fiddle too! But let us hear what the Anglo-Indian editor says:—"It has, we have no doubt, excited much surprise, combined with a degree of admiration in the minds of many of our readers, at this presidency, to have heard the performances on the violin of a brahmin named VERAPIAN, in the service of his Highness the Rajah of Tanjore, who has lately made his appearance here. He plays at first sight, with correctness and in exact time, the most difficult pieces of our printed music. His skill on the piano-forte is equally great, excepting that he requires some previous practice."

The *Asiatic Journal* tells of another Paganini, whom I suspect to be an Englishman with an Italianized name. He, however, has the modesty to announce himself only as an élève. The writer says, "A violinist, a pupil of Paganini, named MASONI, is electrifying

the musical world at Calcutta by his astonishing performances, which bid fair to rival those of his celebrated master. His benefit concert took place at the Town-hall on the 17th of February, and is spoken of in terms of astonishment. Besides his command over the violin, Signor Masoni is, it appears, an able improvisatore."

We have an English Paganini, who, by the way, is a very clever fellow, and does as many marvellous things as the Italian. And there is also a Polish Pag.—PAN POLINSKI, who is likewise a wonder. "Last year," exclaims *The Globe*, "we had minstrels from all parts of Europe—this year, Paganinis. What next?"—*The Court Journal* shall reply, which tells us, that a company of tame wild beasts belonging to the *Cirque Olympique* are engaged to perform at Drury Lane next season, and that a well-known dramatist is employed in writing a piece adapted to their powers. "The lion is the star, and there are two very able monkeys for the humorous parts." Should the lion and tiger take a benefit, and offer their tickets in person, I surmise that they will meet with no refusals.—*Harmonicon*.

#### PARAGRAPHS FROM A TRAVELLER'S PORTFOLIO.

I SAW in the Superga the tomb of the Piedmontese princess, who rendered herself famous by a single sentence. There was a famine in that little kingdom. The princess was astonished. "Do they die of it?" asked she. "In great numbers," was the answer. "What squalidness!" said her Highness; "why don't they eat beef and mutton? I'm sure I would do so, rather than starve."

The world has other instances of this high-life knowledge. The son of an English duke, a guardsman, is still memorable for a sentiment of equal ease. On his regiment being ordered for Holland, in the first French war, it was observed that he must prepare for some privations. "To be sure I must," was his reply. "A bottle of good champagne and a tolerable haunch, I suppose, are holiday fare among the Mynheers. Let me have but a bottle of drinkable claret and a roast fowl, and I can get on any where."

The old Duke of Norfolk was a prodigious profligate, a prodigious politician, and a prodigious eater—a combination of prodigies. He had the art of throwing three dinners into one: "I first take my fish and my bottle of cla-

ret," said he, "and then I go to dinner." All idlers and idle nations are great eaters. The Italian will eat macaroni, as a horse eats grass, every hour in the day, and perhaps in the night too. The French gourmand will begin his dinner by eating a dinner of oysters. The Russian noble gets drunk with brandy, before he gets drunk with wine; and, having finished his wine, gets drunk with brandy again.

The English pride themselves in their nicety in wines—yet there is no nation in the world more perpetually duped in this very point. Three-fourths of the Bourdeaux clarets are made up of the rough hot wines of Italy, mixed with the meagre French vintages. Half the white wines on the English tables are made up of Cape, which the London palate pretends to abhor.

"Give me," said a French merchant, "six hours' notice of what wine you like, and you shall have it out of those two barrels." There are forty thousand pipes of Madeira sold annually in Europe, while the island produces about ten thousand! There are thirty thousand casks of Frontignan sent every year from the French cellars, while the vineyards of Frontignan produce, in the best seasons, two thousand! Constantia is to be found in the hands of every dealer in Europe, yet it is produced in but one vineyard, and the vineyard produces but a few pipes. But we have the same dexterity in almost every thing connected with the public subsistence. The utmost importation of tea at the India House, is thirty millions of pounds; a couple of millions more may be allowed for smuggling, and this is scarcely more than but a pound and a half each for the consumption of the twenty millions of British and Irish, in a year! all of whom, with scarcely an exception, drink tea, morning and evening.

The art of supplying the deficiencies of nature has descended even to mushrooms. I remember a Parisian maker of catsup, saying, on being asked how he managed his manufacture in a peculiarly bad mushroom season, "Sir, I should know little of my profession if I could not make catsup without mushrooms."—*Monthly Magazine*.

#### POETICAL CHARACTER OF BYRON.

BYRON had a vivid and strong, but not a wide, imagination. He saw things as they are, occasionally standing prominently and boldly out from the flat surface of this world; and in general, when his soul was up, he described them with

a master's might. We speak of the external world—of nature and of art. Now observe how he dealt with nature. In his early poems he betrayed no passionate love of nature, though we do not doubt that he felt it; and even in the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* he was an unfrequent and no very devout worshipper at her shrine. We are not blaming his lukewarmness; but simply stating a fact. He had something else to think of, it would appear; and proved himself a poet. But in the third canto, "a change came over the spirit of his dream," and he "babbled o' green fields," floods and mountains. Unfortunately, however, for his originality, that canto is almost a cento—his model being Wordsworth. His merit, whatever it may be, is limited therefore to that of imitation. And observe, the imitation is not merely occasional, or verbal; but all the descriptions are conceived in the spirit of Wordsworth, coloured by it and shaped—from it they live, and breathe, and have their being—and that so entirely, that had the *Excursion* and *Lyrical Ballads* never been, neither had any composition at all resembling, either in conception or execution, the third canto of *Childe Harold*. His soul, however, having been awakened by the inspiration of the Bard of Nature, never afterwards fell asleep, nor got drowsy over her beauties or glories; and much fine description pervades most of his subsequent works. He afterwards made much of what he saw his own—and even described it after his own fashion; but a far mightier master in that domain was his instructor and guide—nor in his noblest efforts did he ever make any close approach to the beauty and sublimity of those inspired passages, which he had manifestly set as models before his imagination. With all the fair and great objects in the world of art, again, Byron dealt like a poet of original genius. They themselves, and not descriptions of them, kindled his soul; and thus "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," do almost entirely compose the fourth canto, which is worth, ten times over, all the rest. The impetuosity of his career is astonishing; never for a moment does his wing flag; ever and anon he stoops but to soar again with a more majestic sweep; and you see how he glories in his flight—that he is proud as Lucifer. The two first cantos are frequently cold, cumbrous, stiff, heavy, and dull; and, with the exception of perhaps a dozen stanzas, and these far from being of first-rate excellence, they

are found woefully wanting in imagination. Many passages are but the baldest prose. Byron, after all, was right in thinking—at first—but poorly of these cantos,—and so was the friend, not Mr. Hobhouse, who threw cold water upon them in manuscript. True, they "made a prodigious sensation," but bitter-bad stuff has often done that; while often unheeded or unheard has been an angel's voice. Had they been suffered to stand alone, long ere now had they been pretty well forgotten; and had they been followed by other two cantos no better than themselves, then had the whole four in good time been most certainly damned. But, fortunately, the poet, in his pride, felt himself pledged to proceed; and proceed he did in a superior style; borrowing, stealing, and robbing, with a face of aristocratic assurance that must have amazed the plundered; but intermingling with the spoil riches fairly won by his own genius from the exhaustless treasury of nature, who loved her wayward, her wicked, and her wonderful son. Is *Childe Harold*, then, a Great Poem? What! with one half of it little above mediocrity, one quarter of it not original either in conception or execution, and the remainder glorious? As for his tales—the *Giaour*, *Corsair*, *Lara*, *Bride of Abydos*, *Siege of Corinth*, and so forth—they are all spirited, energetic, and passionate performances—sometimes nobly and sometimes meanly versified—but displaying neither originality nor fertility of invention, and assuredly no wide range either of feeling or of thought, though over that range a supreme dominion. Some of his dramas are magnificent—and over many of his smaller poems, pathos and beauty overflow. Don Juan exhibits almost every kind of cleverness—and in it the degradation of poetry is perfect. Many of these hints will doubtless appear impertinent and heterodox: but we would not advise any hostile critic in any periodical work to attempt to prove them so; for if he do, he may count upon the crutch.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## The Selector;

AND

## LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

### MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

"THE Eventful History of the Mutiny of the Bounty" forms the 25th volume of the *Family Library*, and we predict that a more interesting work will not be

included in the whole Series. At the moment we are writing, it is unpublished, or, we should say, a sealed book, though the *Literary Gazette* of last Saturday contains some lengthy extracts from its pages. To that respectable Journal we are therefore indebted for the introduction of these passages to the reader. They relate to the number and disposal of the Mutineers, and especially to the bringing home of the prisoners in the *Pandora*.

The number of persons who remained in the *Bounty* after her piratical seizure, and of course charged with the crime of mutiny, was twenty-five; that these subsequently separated into two parties—sixteen having landed at Otaheite, and afterwards taken from thence in the *Pandora*, as prisoners, and nine having gone with the *Bounty* to Pitcairn's Island. Of the sixteen taken in the *Pandora*—

1. Mr. Peter Heywood, midshipman, was sentenced to death, but pardoned.
2. James Morrison, boatswain's mate, ditto.
3. William Muspratt, commander's steward, ditto.
4. Thomas Burkitt, seaman, } condemned and executed.
5. John Millward, ditto, } " " " "
6. Thomas Ellison, ditto, } " " " "
7. Joseph Coleman, armourer, } " " " "
8. Charles Norman, carpenter's mate, } " " " "
9. Thos. McIntosh, carpenter's crew, } " " " "
10. Michael Byrne, seaman, } " " " "
11. Mr. George Stewart, midshipman, } drowned in irons when the *Pandora* was wrecked.
12. John Sumner, seaman, } " " " "
13. Richard Skinner, seaman, } " " " "
14. Henry Hillbrant, cooper, } " " " "
15. Charles Churchill, master-at-arms, murdered by Matthew Thompson.
16. Matthew Thompson, seaman, murdered by Churchill's friends at Otaheite.

Of the nine who landed on Pitcairn's Island:—

1. Mr. Fletcher Christian, acting lieutenant } were murdered by the Otaheiteans.
2. John Williams, seaman, } " " " "
3. Isaac Martin, ditto, } " " " "
4. John Mills, gunner's mate, } " " " "
5. Wm. Brown, botanist's assistant, } " " " "
6. Matthew Quintal, seaman, put to death by Young and Adams in self defence.
7. William M'Koy, seaman, became insane, and killed by throwing himself from a rock.
8. Mr. Edward Young, midshipman, died of asthma.
9. Alexander Smith, alias John Adams, seaman, died in 1829.

The *Pandora* called at numerous islands without success; but on Lieutenant Corner having landed on one of the Palmerston's group, he found a yard and some spars, with the broad arrow upon them, and marked "*Bounty*." This induced the captain to cause a very minute search to be made in all these islands, in the course of which the *Pandora*, being driven out to sea by blowing weather, and very thick and hazy, lost sight of the little tender and a jolly boat, the latter of which was never more heard

of. This gives occasion to a little spleenetic effusion from a writer in a periodical journal, which was hardly called for. "When this boat," says the writer, "with a midshipman and several men (four), had been inhumanly ordered from alongside, it was known that there was nothing in her but one piece of salt-beef, compassionately thrown in by a seaman; and horrid as must have been their fate, the flippant surgeon, after detailing the disgraceful fact, adds, 'that this is the way the world was peopled!' or words to that effect, for we quote only from memory." The following is quoted from the book: "It may be difficult to surmise," says the surgeon, "what has been the fate of those unfortunate men. They had a piece of salt-beef thrown into the boat to them on leaving the ship; and it rained a good deal that night and the following day, which might satiate their thirst. It is by these accidents the Divine Ruler of the universe has peopled the southern hemisphere." This is no more than asserting an acknowledged fact, that can hardly admit of a dispute; and there appears nothing in the paragraph which at all affects the character of Captain Edwards, against whom it is levelled. After a fruitless search of three months, the *Pandora* arrived, on the 29th August, on the coast of New Holland, and close to that extraordinary reef of coral rocks called the "*Barrier Reef*," which runs along the greater part of the eastern coast, but at a considerable distance from it. The boat had been sent out to look for an opening, which was soon discovered; but in the course of the night the ship had drifted past it. "On getting soundings," says Captain Edwards, in his narrative laid before the court-martial, "the topsails were filled; but before the tacks were hauled on board and other sail made and trimmed, the ship struck upon a reef; we had a quarter less two fathoms on the larboard side, and three fathoms on the starboard side; the sails were braced about different ways, to endeavour to get her off, but to no purpose; they were then clewed up, and afterwards furlled, the top-gallant yards got down, and the top-gallant masts struck. Boats were hoisted out, with a view to carry out an anchor; but before that could be effected, the ship struck so violently on the reef, that the carpenter reported she made eighteen inches of water in five minutes; and in five minutes after this, that there were four feet of water in the hold. Finding the leak increasing so fast, it was thought necessary to turn the hands

to the pumps, and to bale at the different hatchways; but she still continued to gain upon us so fast, that in little more than an hour and a half after she struck, there were eight feet and a half of water in the hold. About ten, we perceived that the ship had beaten over the reef, and was in ten fathoms water; we therefore let go the small bower anchor, cleared away a cable, and let go the best bower anchor in fifteen and a half fathoms water under foot, to steady the ship. Some of her guns were thrown overboard, and the water gained upon us only in a small degree, and we flattered ourselves that by the assistance of a thrummed topsail, which we were preparing to haul under the ship's bottom, we might be able to lessen the leak, and to free her of water: but these flattering hopes did not continue long; for, as she settled in the water, the leak increased again, and in so great a degree, that there was reason to apprehend she would sink before daylight. During the night two of the pumps were unfortunately for some time rendered useless; one of them, however, was repaired, and we continued baling and pumping the remainder of the night; and every effort that was thought of was made to keep afloat and preserve the ship. Daylight fortunately appeared, and gave us the opportunity of seeing our situation and the surrounding danger; and it was evident the ship had been carried to the northward by a tide or current. The officers, whom I had consulted on the subject of our situation, gave it as their opinion, that nothing more could be done for the preservation of the ship; it then became necessary to endeavour to provide and to find means for the preservation of the people. Our four boats, which consisted of one launch, one eight-oared pinnace, and two six-oared yawls, with careful hands in them, were kept astern of the ship; a small quantity of bread, water, and other necessary articles, were put into them; two canoes, which we had on board, were lashed together, and put into the water; rafts were made and all floating things upon deck were unlashed. About half-past six in the morning of the 29th the hold was full, and the water was between decks, and it also washed in at the upper deck ports, and there were strong indications that the ship was on the very point of sinking; and we began to leap overboard and take to the boats; and before every body could get out of her, she actually sunk. The boats continued astern of the ship, in the direction of the drift of

the tide from her, and took up the people that had hold of rafts and other floating things that had been cast loose, for the purpose of supporting them on the water. The double canoe, that was able to support a considerable number of men, broke adrift with only one man, and was bulged upon a reef, and afforded us no assistance when she was so much wanted on this trying and melancholy occasion. Two of the boats were laden with men, and sent to a small sandy island (or key) about four miles from the wreck; and I remained near the ship for some time with the other two boats, and picked up all the people that could be seen, and then followed the two first boats to the key; and having landed the men and cleared the boats, they were immediately despatched again, to look about the wreck and the adjoining reef for any that might be missing; but they returned without having found a single person. On mustering the people that were saved, it appeared that eighty-nine of the ship's company, and ten of the mutineers that had been prisoners on board, answered to their names; but thirty-one of the ship's company, and four mutineers, were lost with the ship."—It is remarkable enough that so little notice is taken of the mutineers in this narrative of the captain; and as the following statement is supposed to come from the late Lieutenant Corner, who was second lieutenant of the *Pandora*, it is entitled to be considered as authentic; and if so, Captain Edwards must have deserved the character ascribed to him, of being altogether destitute of the common feelings of humanity. "Three of the *Bounty's* people, Coleman, Norman, and McIntosh, were now let out of irons, and sent to work at the pumps. The others offered their assistance, and begged to be allowed a chance of saving their lives; instead of which, two additional sentinels were placed over them, with orders to shoot any who should attempt to get rid of their fetters. Seeing no prospect of escape, they betook themselves to prayer, and prepared to meet their fate, every one expecting that the ship would soon go to pieces, her rudder and part of the stern-post being already beat away." When the ship was actually sinking, and every effort making for the preservation of the crew, it is asserted that "no notice was taken of the prisoners, as is falsely stated by the author of the '*Pandora's Voyage*,' although Captain Edwards was entreated by Mr. Heywood to have mercy upon them, when he passed over their prison, to make his

own escape, the ship then lying on her broadside, with the larboard bow completely under water. Fortunately, the master-at-arms, either by accident or design, when slipping from the roof of 'Pandora's box' into the sea, let the keys of the irons fall through the scuttle or entrance, which he had just before opened; and thus enabled them to commence their own liberation, in which they were generously assisted, at the imminent risk of his own life, by William Moulter, a boatswain's mate, who clung to the coamings, and pulled the long bars through the shackles, saying he would set them free, or go to the bottom with them. Scarcely was this effected when the ship went down, leaving nothing visible but the top-mast cross-trees. The master-at-arms and all the sentinels sunk to rise no more. The cries of them and the other drowning men were awful in the extreme; and more than half an hour had elapsed before the survivors could be taken up by the boats. Among the former were Mr. Stewart, John Summer, Richard Skinner, and Henry Hillbrant, the whole of whom perished with their hands still in manacles. On this melancholy occasion, Mr. Heywood was the last person but three who escaped from the prison, into which the water had already found its way through the bulk-head scuttles. Jumping overboard, he seized a plank, and was swimming towards a small sandy quay (key) about three miles distant, when a boat picked him up, and conveyed him thither in a state of nudity. It is worthy of remark, that James Morrison endeavoured to follow his young companion's example, and, although handcuffed, managed to keep afloat until a boat came to his assistance." This account would appear almost incredible. It is true, men are sometimes found to act the part of inhuman monsters; but then they are generally actuated by some motive or extraordinary excitement: here, however, there was neither; but, on the contrary, the condition of the poor prisoners appealed most forcibly to the mercy and humanity of their jailer. The surgeon of the ship states, in his account of her loss, that as soon as the spars, booms, hencoops, and other buoyant articles, were cut loose "the prisoners were ordered to be let out of irons." One would imagine, indeed, that the officers on this dreadful emergency would not be witness to such inhumanity, without remonstrating effectually against keeping these unfortunate men confined a moment beyond the period when it became evident

that the ship must sink. It will be seen, however, presently, from Mr. Heywood's own statement, that they were so kept, and that the brutal and unfeeling conduct which has been imputed to Captain Edwards is but too true. It is an awful moment when a ship takes her last heel, just before going down. When the Pandora sunk, the surgeon says, "the crew had just time to leap overboard, accompanying it with a most dreadful yell. The cries of the men drowning in the water was at first awful in the extreme; but as they sunk and became faint, they died away by degrees."

Next are some interesting particulars of the Otaheitan:—"With regard to their worship, Captain Cook does the Otaheitan but justice in saying, they reproach many who bear the name of Christians. You see no instances of an Otaheitan drawing near the Eatooa with carelessness and inattention; he is all devotion; he approaches the place of worship with reverential awe; uncovers when he treads on sacred ground; and prays with a fervour that would do honour to a better profession. He firmly credits the traditions of his ancestors. None dares dispute the existence of the Deity. Thieving may also be reckoned as one of their vices; this, however, is common to all uncivilized nations, and, it may be added, civilized too. But to judge them fairly in this respect, we should compare their situation with that of a more civilized people. A native of Otaheite goes on board a ship, and finds himself in the midst of iron bolts, nails, knives scattered about, and is tempted to carry off a few of them. If we could suppose a ship from El Dorado to arrive in the Thames, and that the custom-house officers, on boarding her, found themselves in the midst of bolts, hatchets, chisels, all of solid gold, scattered about the deck, one need scarcely say what would be likely to happen. If the former found the temptation irresistible to supply himself with what was essentially useful—the latter would be as little able to resist that which would contribute to the indulgence of his avarice or the gratification of his pleasures, or of both. Such was the state of this beautiful island and its interesting and fascinating natives at the time when Captain Wallace first discovered, and Lieutenant Cook shortly afterwards visited, it. What they now are, as described by Captain Beechy, it is lamentable to reflect. All their usual and innocent amusements have been denounced by the missionaries, and, in



lieu of them, these poor people have been driven to seek for resources in habits of indolence and apathy: that simplicity of character, which atoned for many of their faults, has been converted into cunning and hypocrisy; and drunkenness, poverty and disease, have thinned the island of its former population to a frightful degree. By a survey of the first missionaries, and a census of the inhabitants, taken in 1797, the population was estimated at 16,050 souls; Captain Waldegrave, in 1830, states it, on the authority of a census also taken by the missionaries, to amount only to 5,000—and there is but too much reason to ascribe this diminution to praying, psalm-singing, and dram-drinking.

"The island of Otaheite is in shape two circles united by a low and narrow isthmus. The larger circle is named Otaheite Moof, and is about thirty miles in diameter; the lesser, named Tiaraboo, about ten miles in diameter. A belt of low land, terminating in numerous valleys, ascending by gentle slopes to the central mountain, which is about seven thousand feet high, surrounds the larger circle, and the same is the case with the smaller circle, on a proportionate scale. Down these valleys flow streams and rivulets of clear water, and the most luxuriant and verdant foliage fills their sides and the hilly ridges that separate them, among which were once scattered the smiling cottages and little plantations of the natives. All these are now destroyed, and the remnant of the population has crept down to the flats and swampy ground on the seashore, completely subservient to the seven establishments of missionaries, who have taken from them what little trade they used to carry on, to possess themselves of it; who have their warehouses, act as agents, and monopolise all the cattle on the island—but, in return, they have given them a new religion and a *parliament*, (*risum teneatis?*) and reduced them to a state of complete pauperism; and all, as they say, and probably have so persuaded themselves, for the honour of God, and the salvation of their souls! How much is such a change brought about by such conduct to be deprecated! How lamentable it is to reflect, that an island on which Nature has lavished so many of her bounteous gifts, with which neither Cyprus nor Cythera, nor the fanciful island of Calypso, can compete in splendid and luxuriant beauties, should be doomed to such a fate,—in an enlightened age, and by a people that call themselves civilised!"

On the publication of the work we may be induced to make further extracts. The Editor of the *Literary Gazette* thinks "most of the particulars of the seizure of the *Bounty* are familiar to the public;" but the writer of a paper on Captain Beechey's Narrative of his Voyage to the Pacific and Bering's Straits, in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 89, thinks otherwise, inasmuch as "Captain Beechey would have done well to have given a brief abstract of Bligh's interesting narrative; which, though familiar to professional men, is but little known in these days to the general reader." After this note we expected a Narrative of the *Bounty* from the same quarter, and we believe the identity of the Reviewer and the *Bounty* editor too intelligible to require further explanation. His recommendation (in the *Review*,) to Captain Beechey to append the abstract of Bligh's narrative to the next edition of his Voyage is, however, in the true spirit of liberality.

### The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

#### A PORTRAIT.

THE following extract is taken from Miss Jane Porter's novel of *Duke Christian of Luneburg*, p. 265, vol. ii. :—

"Luneburg followed his track round the bend of a low, irregular hillock, which excluded the late field from their sight; but as he drew nearer his companions, he observed a person of a singularly fine mien, and very simply attired, standing rather on the slope towards them, and who had probably been viewing the passing military scene from that elevated point. When the Prince of Wales rode so close to the base of the hill, as to be almost within a few yards of him, this person turned round, and taking off his unplumed cap, with an air of the profoundest respect, yet with the aspect of a prince himself, he stood uncovered, evidently with the intention of remaining so, until the royal personage should have passed from his sight.

"Christian checked his horse, struck with the whole appearance of this man; for his countenance was as distinguished as his figure; his unbonneted head displaying a brow so expansive in mental dignity, with eyes of such bright yet mild intelligence, that both seemed ready to mirror every high expression of which the soul of man is capable. Those speaking eyes met the fixed gaze of the German prince, who immediately moving his horse on the side of

Henry—"Who is that noble person?" inquired he, in a lowered voice, while with an answering look accompanying the bend of his own head, he observed a something even of effulgence pass over the stranger's face, in bowing to him: an act of respect that appeared in consequence of having met so fixed a regard from one he knew to be the Prince of Luneburg.

"Who is he?" returned the Prince of Wales, recovering from an abstraction which had hardly noticed the obeisance he received—"only SHAKESPEARE our dramatist." DUNELM.

## CHINESE SCRAPS.

A MILITARY Mandarin observed to a gentleman connected with Lord Amherst's embassy to China, that "in time of peace the food became scanty, and that wars were absolutely necessary to maintain the proportion between supply and demand."

In a proclamation of the Emperor of China, called forth a few years since by the troublesome increase of appeals from the provinces, his celestial majesty enjoined "strict search to be made to discover all law-suit exciting blackguards, and when found to punish them severely."

It is one of the popular errors of the ignorant population of China, that courage is in proportion to the quantity of gall in the bladder; and the common expression for saying a man is destitute of courage, is to say, he has no gall at all; and a swaggerer will excuse an act of cowardice by asking if you think he has got a gall-bladder as big as a firkin. They also imagine that they can increase the quantity of gall in their own system by eating the gall of another; the executioner steeps rice in the gall of the criminal, which he sells in grains.

An Emperor of China proposed making a progress through part of his dominions; one of his counsellors opposed it, as at that time improper. The emperor, in heat, drew his sabre, and cried, "Pass the order for my journey this instant, or I will strike off your head." The officer, without the least motion, took off his Mandarin's cap and robe, and kneeling down with his neck extended, said, "Your majesty may strike, for I cannot comply with what I know to be contrary to the good of the empire." The emperor checked himself, and gave up his journey.

In China there are 1,560 temples dedicated to Confucius. The offerings

brought to the shrine during the spring and autumn, gave rise to a consumption of 27,000 hogs, 2,800 sheep, 2,800 deer, and 27,000 rabbits, besides 27,000 pieces of silk. W. G. C.

## ALDERMANIC WIT.

JAMES I. in one of his capricious moods, threatened to remove the seat of royalty, the archives of the crown, &c. from the capital; when an alderman said, "*Your Majesty will, at least, be graciously pleased to leave us the River Thames.*" P. T. W.

## EPITAPH.

HERE lies my wife in earthly mould,  
Who, when she liv'd did naught but  
scold;

Peace, wake her not, for now she's still,  
She had, but now I have my will.

I. H.

## LAWFUL EJECTMENT.

Two brothers of the name of Lawes creating a disturbance at the Dublin Theatre were called to order by the celebrated Felix Mc Carthy, who was in the same box. One of them, presenting his card, said you shall hear from one of us our name is Lawes. "Lawes is it," quoth Felix, "then I'll give you an addition to your name," and exerting his well-known strength, handed them out of the box, exclaiming, "Now by the powers you're both *Out-laws*."

COUNSELLOR Lamb, an old man, when Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputation, was of timid manners and nervous disposition, usually prefaced his pleadings with an apology to that effect, and on one occasion, when opposed, in some cause, to Erskine, he happened to remark that, "he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older." "No wonder," replied the witty but relentless barrister, "every one knows the older a *lamb* grows, the more *sheepish* he becomes."

A PERSON who was remarkable for his antipathy to the medical profession, observed that physicians were like hog-butchers. "I am glad," said a gentleman, "that you have so charitable an opinion of them, for hogbutchers always *cure* as many as they *kill*."

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